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A

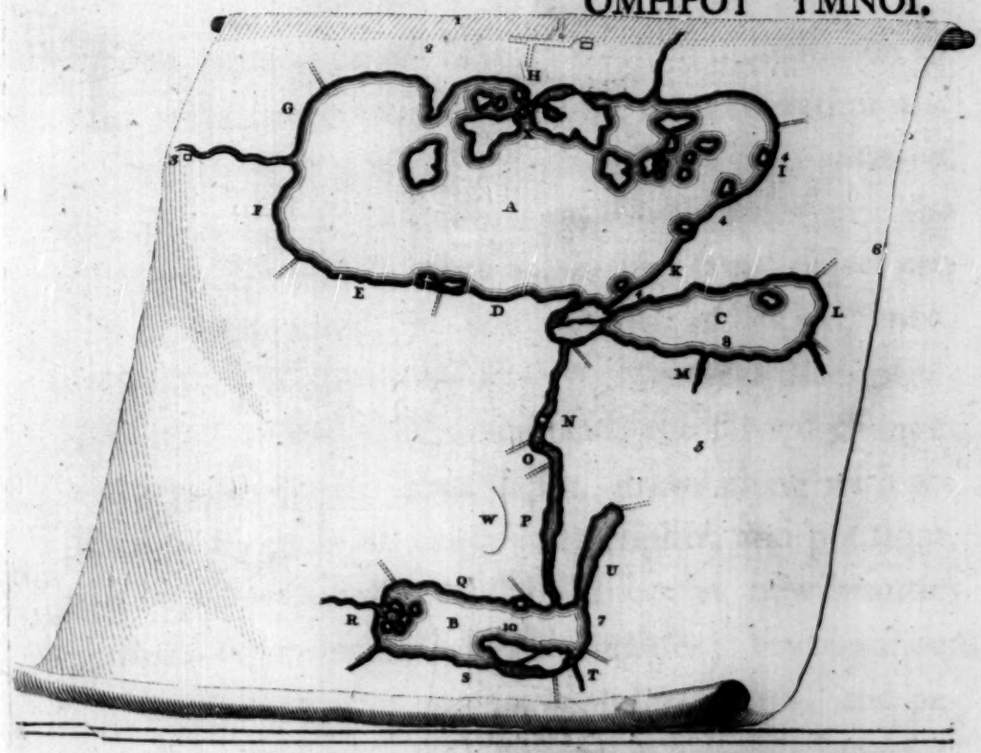
DESCRIPTION

OF

KILLARNEY.

——————τὴν δὲ χρυσάμπυκες Ὧραι
Δέξαντ' ἀσπασίως; περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἔσσαν,
Πολλὰ δ' ὄρη σκιόεντα, καὶ αὐλῶνας κελαδείνους,
Καὶ πεδί' ἀνθεμόεντα.

ὉΜΗΡΟΥ ὙΜΝΟΙ.



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A

DESCRIPTION

OF

KILLARNEY.

SECTION I.

TO convey to the fancy a lively repreſentation of ſubſtantial viſible forms, is deemed rather the province of that artiſt who ſpeaks to the eye, than of the mere verbal deſcriber. Yet ſo limited are the powers of the pencil, that by it, the ſame object can only be repreſented, in one moment of its exiſtence, and under a ſingle point of view; whereas deſcription ranges in a wider field, commands the ſeveral changes which time, in its ſilent lapſe, draws along with it; exhibits things in all the different lights, and poſitions, in which they can be viewed; diſcovers new beauties in effects from unravelling their cauſes; traces under the mouldering ruin, ſtately temples, domes, and palaces, the monuments of a race of mortals long for-

gotten; takes in an extent of ſcenery, which the unaſſiſted eye loſes, and the pencil faintly pourtrays; and throws a myſterious veil over every object, by alluſions and details drawn from the ſtores of hiſtory and fable:

> There Arthur lies, and there the Runic bard;
> Here fell the hero; theſe ſad hollow anters,
> That grove, did hear his moan.

Revolving theſe advantages of the deſcriptive method, over the mere plaſtic, I wiſhed to prove its excellence by an example; and meeting with a ſubject altogether engaging, I made the following attempt to exhibit it in its true colours. I inſcribe it to the Academy of Royal Artiſts, as a poor atonement for my preſumptuous encroachment upon the province of picture.

I viſited Killarney in the moſt favourable ſeaſons for viewing it, when the trees reſigning their foliage, were already marked with all the different colourings of decay: and when ſpring, repairing the winter's ravages, had again cloathed them with renewed verdure: but I preferred the autumnal proſpect.

The lake is divided into two great branches, or more properly ſpeaking, there are two diſtinct lakes, A, B, connected by a winding river.

The northern lake, called alſo Lough Lane, from its receiving a torrent of that name, is by many degrees the larger. It is divided into two branches, the one diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Great Lake, and the other called Turk Lake, C, from a mountain that overhangs it.

The Great Lake lies Eaſt and Weſt, and from Mr. Herbert's park, to the mouth of the Lune, meaſures about ſeven Engliſh miles. Its breadth, from the neighbourhood of Reen Point, to the oppoſite ſide, is ſaid to be nearly four.

Turk Lake is about two miles and a half in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth; it ſtretches from Eaſt to Weſt, with an inclination to the North and South.

The ſouthern ſhores of both theſe lakes are formed by high mountains; thoſe of the Great Lake covered with wood, thoſe of the other without wood. The

land which bounds them to the North, the Eaſt, and the Weſt, is either a flat, or only raiſed from the water by gentle ſwellings. 'Tis generally diverſified by plantations.

I ſhall firſt trace out the ſeveral bays, banks, and iſlands, which occur in the lakes, proportioning my detail to the importance of the objects; that paſſing from particulars to generals, we may, on ſome good grounds, eſtabliſh a comprehenſive character of the whole; and, with the better reliſh and judgment, proceed to conſider the more remarkable points of view.

The angular mountain Glynnau, or Glauná, D, ſtands on the South ſide of the lake, and has two ſides waſhed by it; for round this mountain the lake takes a turn, and ſo runs to a narrow point, where it receives the water from the upper or ſouthern lake. This is a very beautiful mountain, covered for a great part of the aſcent with foreſt trees, ſuch as oak, aſh, pine, alder, and birch, intermixed with hazel, white-thorn, yew, holley, and arbutus, all perfectly wild. The foreſt trees are not very ſtately, but the yews, holleys, and ſtrawberry-trees, are in great perfection; and blending their different greens, form a fine mix-

ture. The ſides of the mountain, though not uniform, riſe with an eaſy acclivity from the water, and are here and there broken by gullies, and ſtreamlets, which is pleaſing. The ſhores are all along indented; and from the angle particularly, there runs a point richly wooded, which forms two bays. The principal inhabitants of this mountain are the red deer, which, among the ſequeſtered thickets, enjoy an undiſturbed repoſe; except on ſome gala day, when O'Donahue makes a ſacrifice to the curioſity of the viſitors of the lake, or his own paſſion for the chace, which happens rarely. The muſic of the dogs and horns, and the ſhouts of the hunters, poſted in great numbers along the ridge of the mountain, are re-echoed from the ſeveral parts of it; and produce an effect ſingularly pleaſing. It is from hence the ſtag generally precipitates himſelf into the lake, when hard preſſed by his purſuers; who ſtudiouſly reduce him to this neceſſity, by hemming him in on all ſides; and his ſpirited efforts to prolong exiſtence in an element ſo unfriendly to him, afford the higheſt entertainment. This mountain is the property of Lord Kenmare.

Toomiſh, or Tomé, E, ſtands to the weſtward of Glynnau, from which it is ſeparated by a torrent, called,

called, in the expreſſive phraſe of the natives, Screech Stream. It completes the Southern boundary of the lake, and in its ſituation, and appearance, much reſembles Glynnau. The fineſt caſcade in the neighbourhood of Killarney, falls from this mountain; which, retaining the name of its ancient poſſeſſor, is called O'Sullivan's Caſcade. While the rains prevail it is amply ſupplied with water, and exhibits a very beautiful picture. It falls from three great ſtages, of nearly equal heights, diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, that the courſe of the ſtream which ſupplies it, is hid from the ſpectator. The water is ſo agitated in its courſe down the mountain, that from the inſtant it breaks upon the eye, it is one entire ſheet of foam; and daſhing from ſtage to ſtage, enlivens every thing around it, by the reflection of the ſcattered rays which fall upon it; ſerving at once to illuminate, and contraſt, the ſhady green trees and ſhrubs which overhang it. The only ſpot from which it can be ſeen to advantage, is from a rock in the channel below; from thence the ſtages ſeem to diminiſh from bottom to top, from twenty four or five feet, to twenty, and from twenty to fifteen or ſixteen. The whole ſcene abounds with the moſt pictureſque beauties, but the minuteneſs of the objects, and that air of regularity which is diffuſed

over

over the whole, ſtrikes it out of the claſs of grandeur and ſublimity. At ſome diſtance from the caſcade, there are two or three rude cottages, inhabited by a ſet of hardy mountaineers, who probably ſubſiſt by the chace. They generally come down to traffick with ſtrangers, bringing with them nuts, and wild berries; and ſometimes cuttings of yew, thorn, and oak, for walking ſticks. The only bounties of Heaven they ſeem to enjoy, are health, and a fine proſpect; contentment, if they poſſeſs it, is with them an heroic virtue. This mountain belongs to Mr. Herbert of Mucrus.

Towards the Weſt, the lake waſhes a very rich and improveable country. The part of it which extends from Tomé, to Dunlow caſtle, is called O'Sullivan's Country, F; but is now the property of Mr. Herbert. It is no where marked with very ſtriking features; it riſes in a ſwelling ſlope from the lake, and is here and there diverſified by trees, particularly on the banks of the Lune. This river is very conſiderable at its ſource, being the only outlet from the lake, which receives from the ſurrounding mountains ſeveral plentiful ſtreams. Winding for a conſiderable way through a rich valley, it ſeparates O'Sullivan's

Country

country from the eſtate of Macarthy-more; and taking a weſterly courſe, diſcharges itſelf into the ocean at the diſtance of ſeven or eight miles. It is called by the natives the Leaune.

The eſtate of Macarthy-more, G, compleats the weſtern boundary of the lake. The houſe is well ſituated, upon a riſing ground near the river; but the improvements are much neglected. In alighting to take a view of the ancient family ſeat at Pallice, I gave the bridle of my horſe to a poor boy, who ſeemed to look for it with a degree of eagerneſs. From his manner of anſwering ſome queſtions I aſked him, I was led to enquire into his ſituation; and was not a little ſurprized to find, that though ſunk in the moſt abject poverty, he was, nevertheleſs, a good claſſical ſcholar. He was well acquainted with the beſt Latin poets, had read over moſt of the hiſtorians, and was then buſy with the orations of Cicero. I could not help pitying, at the ſame time that I admired him, and lamenting the hard ſituation which rendered his knowledge uſeleſs; his taſte and refinements the ſources of continual diſguſts and mortifications; and even his habits of ſtudy pernicious, as they diverted him from thoſe active employments, which alone could keep

keep him above want and wretchedneſs. I found, upon further enquiry, that this claſſical ſpirit is very general among the lower ſort of people in Kerry: a circumſtance, which gives an air of probability to the romantic accounts of a late Memoir-writer*, concerning the learning and taſte of certain northern ſhepherds.

The lands, which lie along the northern ſhores, H, of the lake, have a very uniform character; they are ſuch as one ſees every where, hills and dales tolerably wooded, and pretty well encloſed; but capable, from their ſoil, and above all from their ſituation, of being made very enviable ſcenes. A neat farm houſe, built upon a charming neck of land, called by way of eminence The Point, and poſſeſſed by Mr. Mahony, is better adapted to the ſpot, and raiſes more pleaſing ideas, than if it wore a more gaudy aſſuming air. The bay, which lies between this neck and Reen Point, is one of the largeſt, and moſt delightful in the lake; and owes ſo great a ſhare of its beauty to the iſlands, that I can ſcarce forbear mentioning them. Reen Point lies nearly in the middle between the extremities of the lake; and, about an Engliſh mile behind it, ſtands the village of Killarney, and Lord Kenmare's

* Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.

houſe. About half a mile to the Eaſt of it, the Fleſk, a very fine ſtream, which ſprings from Glanfleſk, a mountain ſome miles diſtant, falls into the lake. On its eaſtern bank, cloſe upon the ſhore, is Cahiranane, the ſeat of Mr. Arthur Herbert, which has nothing remarkable to boaſt of. This ſide of the lake ends in a ſandy bay, one of the fineſt I remember to have ſeen in it. Lord Kenmare is the principal proprietor.

We now come to the eaſtern boundary of the Great Lake, which is every where rich in wild beauties. The northern part of it is called Mucrus, I; as it ſtretches ſoutherly, it gets the name of Camillan, K; and round the extremity of Camillan is the paſſage to Turk Lake. It is impoſſible to conceive any thing more charming than the ſhady bays, creeks, and receſſes, which the lake here forms. The variety of their ſhapes, the ſmoothneſs of the water, the reflection of the trees with which the banks are fringed, and the fertility of the very rocks which form the points and angles, produce a mixed ſenſation of ſurprize and pleaſure, which it is difficult to deſcribe. There is a ſtillneſs and tranquillity in the air of theſe retreats, that is uncommonly engaging, and ſets the imagination to work to conjure up forms and build caſtles

caſtles in every one of them; the acceſſary ideas give new life to the ſcene, and the mind returns with additional ardour to contemplate it. In ſome places you are preſented with an abrupt ſhore, and rocks of unchiſſelled marble hollowed into caverns; in others, the level beach, covered over with ſmooth green carpeting, ſeems to court your approach by a diſplay of internal ſcenery. Here you meet with a promontory, riſing from the lake with the majeſty of a coloſſus; there ſtands another, the Parnaſſus of Silvanus, adorned with every choſen ſhrub in which the God delights: and woe to the dull mortal, that hears him not, as he paſſes, ruſtle among the thickets; for lo! even now he emerges, and diſpenſing fragrance as he aſcends, looks down with benign complacency upon thoſe happy regions, for which he has rifled the gardens of Flora, to rival her once favourite Tempè.

—— *Deus, ecçe Deus!*——

Mucrus abbey is ſituated upon an eminence, riſing over the lake, near the northern extremity of this range. It is in tolerable preſervation, and ſtill ſerves as a burying-place to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. A modern hermit, ſome years ago, pitched

upon it as the place of his retirement. He choſe an open cell, in one of the upper apartments, for his manſion; and formed a defence for himſelf againſt the inclemencies of the weather, from the ſhattered remains of the tombs and coffins. His vow was not rigidly ſtrict; for he ſometimes mixed with the world. He was communicative enough on ſome ſubjects, and, as I have heard, tolerably well informed. But at length he ſullied the luſtre of his character, by indulging in the ſordid unmanly vice of private drinking, oftentimes to intoxication; till, finding the veneration he was held in daily diminiſh, he abandoned a ſcene where he could no longer appear with credit. He was an Engliſhman; and, when he left Killarney, propoſed going to the rock of Liſbon. There is certainly no place better adapted to a recluſe than this, eſpecially if he poſſeſſes any degree of enthuſiaſm, as there is none which can compenſate the loſs of ſocial enjoyments by ſuch a variety of contemplative ones. The greateſt curioſity of the abbey is a yew planted in the center of the building. Its trunk is between ſeven and eight feet in circumference, and its boughs form a compleat covering to the cloiſter, which is a ſquare of twelve yards. My Cicerone, pointing to a wound in the bark of it, told me with a very grave face,

face, that the wretch, who had the hardineſs to inflict it, paid the full price of his ſacrilege; for that a numbneſs inſtantly ſeized the guilty arm, ſpread gradually over his whole frame, and in a few minutes diſpatched him. The abbey is too much ſhut up by trees; it might be ſo managed, by a delicate hand, as to become a fine object of view, without being entirely dragged from its retreat, and expoſed to open day. An objection of the ſame kind lies againſt the ſituation of Mr. Herbert's houſe, which, in the midſt of the moſt deſirable objects, enjoys a very limited proſpect of the lake, and appears to no advantage itſelf. The gardens are not dreſſed with care; and would deſerve little notice, were it not for the extraordinary ledges of rocks which run through them. Theſe have not the leaſt covering of earth to defend them, and yet rival the moſt luxuriant ſpots in their produce. They are cloathed from one end to the other with ſhrubs and trees, which ſeem to draw their juices from the very marble itſelf, as the crannies and pores, from which they iſſue, are ſo ſcantily provided with mold, that it is difficult to conceive it ſufficient for their nouriſhment. It is wonderful how pliably they accommodate themſelves to the ſeveral windings and crevices of the ſtone, and how artfully their roots

are

are diſpoſed for the reception of every drop of moiſture; and their great variety, ſome of them the moſt tender, delicate ſhrubs our climate admits of, ſtill adds to the ſurprize. The ſervice-tree grows here ſpontaneouſly; the vine flouriſhes; the common fruits are the produce of every cliff; the arbutus ſeems indigenous; the lilack, roſe, lauriſtinus, and cytiſus, require no other culture than that of the pruning knife; every neglected ſpot in this wilderneſs of ſweets is enamelled with flowers, and fragrant herbs, and plants loaded with bloſſoms, or berries.

Dum vagor aſpectu, oculoſque per omnia duco,
Calcabam, nec opinus, opes.

I obſerved, almoſt univerſally, in the trees ſpringing from theſe rocks, that the part of the trunk contained within the ſtone was much ſmaller than the external, ſometimes by ſeveral inches in the diameter;—a proof of fertility this, which renders all others ſuperfluous.

From the houſe at Mucrus to the extreme point of Camillan, there runs a winding road of near two miles in length, very judiciouſly calculated to unfold the interior beauties of the Peninſula: (for it is a Peninſula,

inſula, and as one ſide encloſes the Great Lake to the Eaſt, the other forms the northern boundary of Turk Lake.) Here there is a vaſt number of thoſe rocks and craggs, vegetating from every pore, differing in ſhape and ſituation, and thrown without order into irregular groupes, which afford new landſcapes as you advance, and every inſtant preſent different combinations and figures. They generally lie at a conſiderable diſtance from each other, and are ſeparated by low marſhy ſwamps, which produce nothing but heath, and the common aquatic ſhrubs; by which means they have much the appearance of iſlands. And here I cannot help indulging a conjecture, that the iſlands in the lake itſelf have been, at ſome diſtant period, ſituated as theſe are: and that, by the ſtoppage or interruption of the great outlet from the lake, or an additional influx into it, the body of water has been ſo increaſed as to inſulate the higher grounds; and that the continuance of the cauſe has rendered the ſeparation permanent. It is certain this conjecture appears more probable, if we conſider the near reſemblance of many of the iſlands to the rocks I have juſt now deſcribed, and their proximity to the level ſhores on the north and eaſt ſides of the lake, where the water is comparatively ſhallow. It might be further confirmed by

by ſimilar inſtances; and particularly by the inſtance of Lough Neagh, in the province of Ulſter; which has for many years paſt gained on the land, as is clearly evinced by a late writer. But as I cannot ſupport it by teſtimony or obſervation, the only ſure grounds to build upon, I abandon it as a bare probability.

Nearer the point of Camillan the ſurface is leſs varied by detached heights, and riſings, and more uniformly wooded. It is of a very ſtoney nature, and almoſt every where covered with a thick moſs, which is here ornamental. As the lakes lie on both ſides, with their iſlands and mountains, how greatly might the charms of this ſpot be enhanced, by introducing them judiciouſly in different views and ſituations? which, by the ſimple management of leading a path from one ſide to the other, now ſkirting the bays, and now aſcending the heights, might eaſily be accompliſhed. And how much might the views from the lakes be improved, by here and there opening up the bays and receſſes, and allowing the eye to penetrate into the more remote ſcenes, as if by ſtolen glances? To mutilate nature is inhuman, to aim at excelling her is madneſs: It is the province of art to withdraw the

veil

veil that conceals her beauties, and diſcover them in all their wildneſs.

The ſide of the Peninſula, which forms the northern boundary of Turk Lake, ſo nearly reſembles the other, that what Ovid ſays of the ſiſters of Phaëton is literally true of them: they have the ſame general air and complexion, though they differ in particular features. The whole Peninſula is the property of Mr. Herbert of Mucrus, whoſe eſtates in this country are very conſiderable: his anceſtors were among the firſt Engliſh ſettlers; and tho' he generally reſides in England, his tenantry ſeem to enjoy more happineſs, than ordinarily falls to the ſhare of the deſerted Iriſh peaſant; who, between intrinſic indolence and external exaction, penurious in the midſt of plenty, wanders upon the ſurface of the moſt fertile country in the world, a melancholy inſtance of complicated miſery.

The eaſtern ſhore of Turk Lake, L, is diſtinguiſhed by no particular beauty I know of: it is formed by the bleak ſide of Mangerton, and ſeparated from Turk, the mountain which confines the lake to the South, by the Devil's Stream. This ſtream has its ſource near the top of Mangerton, which is eſteemed the higheſt

ground in Ireland*. Its ſource is a vaſt cavity in the mountain, fed by the diſcharge of the clouds which are daily burſting over it. The natives ſtile it the Pit of Hell, but it is more commonly called the Devil's Punch-bowl. It ſometimes ſends down very impetuous torrents, which ſufficiently mark their courſe by their ravages: to this it probably owes its original name.

Turk, M, though not ſo lofty as Mangerton, is a much nobler object. Its outline is free and graceful, riſing to a point by eaſy ſtages, and ſinking towards the plain in ſuch a manner as to form an irregular cone. The ſide towards the lake is quite inacceſſible, and to the eye below has a wild air of grandeur, occaſioned, as I conceive, by the uniformity of its appearance, which preſents no gaudy colourings to divert the mind from contemplating the ſingle idea of its extent. It is entirely without trees, which as it contributes to the above effect, and affords a ſtriking contraſt to the ſhady banks of Mucrus, is hardly to be re-

* By the experiment of the barometer, Mangerton was found to be 3060 feet in perpendicular height. But the ſudden variations of the ſtate of the air, at conſiderable heights, in a climate ſo changeable as ours, ſeem to require the concurrence of repeated experiments as the baſis of admiſſible concluſions.

gretted.

gretted. The river Lane riſes near the ſummit, and is ſeen throughout its courſe, which is a very direct one: it gives its name to the whole lake, anciently called Loch Lein.

Between the Peninſula, and the low land which ſtretches from Turk, lie the iſlands Brickeen and Diniſh, which ſeparate the two northern lakes. They are divided from the ſhores by very narrow ſtraits: that between Brickeen, and the Peninſula, which is the wideſt, not exceeding twenty yards. Both theſe iſlands are richly wooded, and abound with luxuriant arbutus; they ſerve as reſting places to the deer, which deſcend from Glená, at the dawn of morning, to feed in the plains and meadows of Mucrus; and here too they often ſhelter themſelves, when rouſed by the hunters, and driven from their more ſecret haunts in the mountains.

Diniſh extends to the very mouth of the river which flows from the upper or ſouthern lake; and, by the oppoſition of its ſides, diſtributes the ſtream into two unequal channels. The river iſſues from the northern ſide of the lake, and with all, its windings and angles, meaſures four miles. The eaſtern bank, N, preſents

nothing intereſting; it is low, craggy, and infertile, ſcarcely producing a ſhrub or tree. The high grounds, at ſome diſtance, which extend from Turk to the ſouthward, though by no means pictureſque, are a relief to the proſpect. The oppoſite bank is ſkirted by the ſhaggy ſides of Glená, that runs into the country in this direction for a conſiderable length: its appearance here is not ſo varied, as from the lower lake, but is ſtill pleaſing; it is terminated to the South by the Eagle's Neſt.

This remarkable rock, O, preſents its principal front to the North, and the river, making an abrupt turn, paſſes directly under it. It has that bold freedom in its general outline which ſets at naught deſcription, and demands the pencil of Salvator himſelf to expreſs juſtly. From the ruggedneſs of its impending cliffs, which almoſt overſhadow the river, it would be truly aweful, if the trees and ſhrubs which cover them, did not counteract the effect, by diffuſing an air of feſtivity over the whole, which ſtrips it of its terrors. The parts of it, conſidered ſingly, are beautiful; their ſtrange combination produces ſurpriſe. The effect of a muſket or peterara diſcharged againſt this mountain, exceeds every thing I had conceived poſſible. The re-

port

port is encreaſed to a degree almoſt incredible, and returning upon the ear in redoubled peals, now from the neighbouring, now from the more diſtant mountains, imperceptibly dying away, and again reviving, till it finally expires in hollow, interrupted murmurs, bears a nearer reſemblance to natural burſts of thunder, than any thing artificial. The mountain is inhabited by Eagles, which build their neſts on the craggs, and inacceſſible heights, and are continually hovering round it: like true birds of Jove, they ſeem to have choſen it for their abode, from the allurements of its pealing echoes.

The mountain which runs from the Eagle's Neſt, to the upper lake, is two miles in length. It is one continued ridge without break, or riſing; and from its figure, and inclination, is with ſingular propriety called the Great Range, P. Near the upper end of it is the ſeat of the muſical echo. The ſpot where it reſides is a hollow boſom in the mountain, covered on all ſides with trees. The ſounds are reverberated from the ſeveral parts of it, and are ſoftened upon every repetition, ſo as to terminate in the ſweeteſt cadences. A ſingle horn produces a concert, and is multiplied into as many inſtruments as there are echoes; theſe mellow-

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ing in their tones, from the original notes of the leading inſtrument, to the dying falls of the laſt repetitions, and mingling together in a wild, but harmonious confuſion, afford the fineſt ſpecimen of natural muſic in the world. The power of the echoes might eaſily be aſcertained by breathing a ſingle note on any inſtrument, or by the voice; and afterwards, it would be an eaſy matter, at any period in a paſſage of muſic, to determine the number and quality of the ſounds, which are employed in expreſſing it.

The ſouthern lake, which is entered by a narrow paſs called Colman's Eye, ſtretches Eaſt and Weſt for above a league; but does not any where exceed three quarters of a mile in breadth. It has a different air from the others, being encompaſſed on all ſides by high grounds and mountains.

Ghirmeen, Q, one of the moſt conſiderable of theſe, forms a right angle with the Great Range, and bounds the lake to the North. It is partially covered with trees, and on the whole has rather a pleaſing, than a bleak appearance. Arbutus Bay is the fineſt it affords; it derives its name, as well as a great ſhare of its beauty, from

from an iſland contiguous to it. The mountain is the property of Mr. Herbert.

M'Gilly Cuddy's Ricks take their riſe from Ghirmeen, and encircling a valley, R, of pretty large compaſs to the Weſt of the lake, form an extenſive amphitheatre. Theſe mountains are very numerous, and, as if Nature meant to exhauſt her varieties, are broken into the moſt irregular, whimſical, ſhapes, imaginable. They ſeem to be quite deſtitute of planting, and indeed their fertility, at the diſtance moſt of them lie, would contribute little to their beauty. They are plentifully ſtocked with grouſe, or, in the language of the natives, the hen of the heath, notwithſtanding the depredations of their joint commoners the eagles. They furniſh the lake with its principal ſupplies of water, which tumbling down in a multiplicity of channels, unites in one ſtream at bottom, and enriches the valley. The valley owes nothing to culture, though to all appearance capable of it: a few wretched cottagers derive from its borders a penurious ſubſiſtance. Its ſhore is diſtinguiſhed by one of thoſe ſingular rocks already deſcribed; to thoſe who ſee it at a diſtance, it has the appearance of an iſland; and by a ſmall elevation of

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the water would actually become one. The whole circuit is now poſſeſſed by Mr. Herbert; it formerly belonged to the ancient family of M'Gilly Cuddy, whoſe name it ſtill bears. The mountains are called Ricks, in alluſion to their ſhape, which approaches nearer to a cone than any other regular figure.

The ſouthern boundary of the lake is formed by a range of high mountains. Cahirnee, S, which joins the Ricks, is the largeſt of them, and belongs to Lord Shelburne: it is diſtinguiſhed by a waterfall, but is no otherwiſe remarkable. Towards the eaſtern angle this range terminates in a ſloping bank, which forms one ſide of the Glynn of Derry Cannihy. This Glynn, T, gradually contracting as it retires from the lake, loſes itſelf in another, ſtill more extenſive, about a mile diſtant. Its ſides are covered with very ſtately timber, particularly oaks; and it affords a delightful repoſe to the eye, fatigued with reiterated mountain proſpects. The Kavoge rolls a conſiderable ſtream through the center, which, tumbling down a rocky channel, where it forms a variety of leſſer falls, makes the woods and caverns vocal. The Glynn belongs to Lord Kenmare, who is now preparing to diſrobe it of its trees, as well

as

as the adjoining mountain Derry-Dimna. Whether the Genius of the lakes, or ſome more perſuaſive Divinity, will have power to ſtay his uplifted axe, time will determine. The determination, with reſpect to his Lordſhip's taſte, will be final.

May no future traveller have occaſion to quote here the mournful lines of Virgil!

Itur in antiquam ſilvam, ſtabula alta ferarum.
Procumbunt piceæ, ſonat icta ſecuribus ilex,
Fraxineæque trabes; cuneis et fiſſile robur
Scinditur: advolvunt ingentes montibus ornos.

Crom-a-glaun*, which belongs to Lord Kenmare alſo, confines the lake to the Eaſt, U. It extends from Derry-Cannihy to within a mile of Turk, and, though no where lofty, is one of the largeſt mountains in the neighbourhood. Its ſides are covered with a luxuriant

* I have included the ſeveral ranges of mountains which form the ſhores of this lake, under the name of the moſt conſiderable, to avoid multiplying uncouth terms. What I have called Ghirmeen is known by the ſeveral denominations of Doogery, Ghirmeen, and Derry-Carnagh: On the oppoſite ſide, beſides Cahirnee, are Derry-Liſhigane, Galloveely, and Derry-Arde: and to the Eaſt, under Crom-a-glaun are included, Bolinendra, Derry-Dimna, and Derry-Cannihy.

copſe, which reaches down to the water's edge: and its modeſt height, compared with the aſpiring cliffs overagainſt it, gives it the appearance of a larger hill. The foot of this mountain is waſhed for a conſiderable length by a narrow confined bay, lying parallel to the river. This bay has no beauties to boaſt of; its weſtern ſide is bleak and barren, and it is quite deſtitute of iſlands.

The Purple Mountain, though not immediately touching upon the lakes, is an object of curioſity not to be paſſed over, W. It riſes from behind the Great Range, in a conical ſhape, and is ſtrongly characteriſed by its deep indigo colour. It abounds with a kind of heath, found in no other part of the country, which produces purple berries; but receives its prevailing tinct from another herb, uſed by the natives in dying. This is probably the *Lichenoides ſaxatile foliis piloſis purpureis*, found by Doctor Smith in an adjoining Barony, though overlooked by him here. It affords ſhelter to a bird, ſo little known in Kerry, that as yet it has no popular name. This bird, as it was deſcribed to me, is ſomewhat larger than a grouſe; its breaſt red, the reſt of its plumage a clear ſhining black,

black, except the wings, and tail, which are interſperſed with white feathers. Whether this be of the ſame ſpecies with the heath cock, ſo common in Scotland under the name of the black game, I know not: I am ſure I have heard, that the heath cock of the Highlands delights in the purple-berried heath, and reſembles our rara avis in colour.

SECTION II.

I Have now given a general ſketch of the confines of the lakes, and their moſt remarkable bays. The iſlands are no leſs worthy of notice; though, from their number, ſituation, and varieties, ſo difficult to deſcribe, that I deſpair of conveying any diſtinct conception of them.

The number of iſlands in the lower lake exceeds thirty. They are diſperſed, without order, along the level ſhores to the Eaſt and North; for to the South and Weſt, there is one unbroken ſheet of water. A few of them lie unconnected, but the greater number is diſtributed into two irregular cluſters, or archipels, on the oppoſite ſides of Roſs, X, Y. This iſland is the largeſt in the lake: it lies to the Eaſt of Reen Point, about a mile from the village of Killarney. A very narrow gut, ſcarcely navigable for boats, ſeparates it from the ſhore; and over this there is a bridge thrown, for the conveniency of the caſtle. The caſtle ſtands on the land ſide of the iſland, and was formerly

formerly a royal reſidence; being the ſeat of the Lords of the Lake, who aſſumed the title of Kings. The family of O'Donahue was the laſt that bore this title: its preſent repreſentative enjoys a degree of reſpect from the country-people in right of his anceſtors, but their power has been long extinct, and their property is now paſſed into other hands. The great O'Donahue, the hero of this ancient race, ſtill ſurvives in the praiſes of his countrymen; who ſet off his virtues with all the colourings of enthuſiaſm. They repreſent him like the Demi-gods of old, a contemner of danger, a ſworn foe to oppreſſion, a paſſionate admirer of whatever is great and honourable. The ſeverity of his warlike virtues was tempered, ſay they, by a generous hoſpitality, which embraced a Friend in every Stranger: The rigour of the Legiſlator was blended and loſt in the endearing condeſcenſion of the Friend; the Prince was the Father of his country. His court was the ſeat of joy and feſtivity: worth took its place at the board by inherent birthright, grey hairs received their reverence, diſtreſſed innocence had a peculiar plea of admiſſion, for humanity was paramount, and ſuſpicious policy abſolutely unknown. He was wiſe too, and the Gods ſped his councils, for his ſubjects were happy. Fruitful ſeaſons crowned

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the year with plenty, and undiſturbed tranquillity led the way to enjoyment. 'Twas the reign of Pan in Arcadia: nor were the ſhepherds ungrateful; for every valley reſounded with his praiſes: nor was their patron unpropitious; for death, that extinguiſhed his earthly lamp, ſeemed to rekindle his love. And ſtill he reigns to bleſs them; and to his unſeen protection do they hold themſelves indebted, for every gift of fortune. Often as the hind returns to his cottage, by the favour of the moon's pale light, are his eyes bleſſed by the figure of the good old King amidſt a train of his attendants; his ſilver locks floating in the breeze, his limbs inveſted with a robe of regal dignity, and ſuperbly mounted, like the twin brothers of Helena, upon a milk-white courſer. Such a viſion is conſidered as the happieſt omen of good; it is reported with ecſtaſy, and liſtened to with tranſport: there are no unbelievers; even to heſitate were hereſy: and why ſhould we wonder? O'Donahue is the Hercules and Quirinus of this retired people, their *San Januario*, their *Julium Sidus*. The ancient tribute of the kings of Munſter to this prince, was ten dun horſes, ten coats of mail, and ten ſhips*: This gives us the idea

* Vide *Collectanea Hibernica.*

of a powerful chieftain, poſſeſſed of a navy, in theſe days, truly formidable. The caſtle, which has a non-reſident governor, now ſerves as a barrack for infantry. From the top of it there is a good view of the iſland, which appears low and ſwampy, and rather narrow for its length. It is every where covered with trees, unleſs where it has been induſtriouſly cleared; which is the caſe around the caſtle, and from thence to the oppoſite ſhores. The winding Peninſula towards Innisfallen is particularly pleaſant: The bays and creeks are much like thoſe at Mucrus, but the happy ſituation of the ſurrounding iſlands gives them many additional beauties.

Innisfallen lies at a ſmall diſtance to the Weſtward. It is not ſo extenſive as Roſs, but much more beautiful. Its ſhape is triangular, and its ſides, from promontory to promontory, are hollowed into bays. The ſoil is exceedingly rich, and the verdure perpetual. The cattle which feed upon it teſtify to its fertility. Its ſurface is naturally molded into a variety of ſweeps and banks, which are cleared of the underwood, and ſhaded by well-grown trees. Near the north-eaſt promontory are the ruins of an abbey, and what the boatmen call a banqueting-houſe. The abbey is

a very

very paltry building, and was probably rather an occaſional retreat to the good Fathers at Mucrus, than the ſeat of a diſtinct Brotherhood. Such retreats, with all reverence be it ſpoken, are no leſs agreeable to the Anchorite, than Caprea was of old to the Roman Emperor. Whether it is, that the extremes of vice, and the rigours of virtue, equally decline obſervation; or that affected ſanctity, and avowed ſenſuality, though looking different ways, aim at the ſame objects; or that a ſuſpenſion, and perverſion, of the human powers, produce ſimilar effects; I leave to the curious to determine. Certainly here might Virgil find the realities of his beautiful deſcriptions,

—— *Hic lætis otia fundis,*
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum,—

and, looking upon the diſtant mountains, he might ſtill ſubjoin,

Non abſunt illic, ſaltus, ac luſtra ferarum.

The Hermit I have before mentioned, frequently ſhut himſelf up here; ſubſiſting, as he made the country

country people believe, upon rats and other vermin: but they were deceived as uſual; for the bounty of ſtrangers, who almoſt daily touched on his iſland, ſupplied him with food better ſuited to his palate, and his private reſources made up their deficiencies.

The low iſland to the Weſtward is inferior to Inniſfallen in every thing but extent. It is called Brown Iſland, from its colour, and Rabbit Iſland, from its being ſtored with thoſe animals. There are no trees upon it, and its only covering is fern: It ſeems to be placed here as a foil to the others.

The remaining iſlands of the weſtern cluſter, are of a leſs ſize, and more contiguous to the ſhore, than thoſe I have ſpoken of. Lamb's Iſland is the largeſt of them: It is finely wooded, and is indeed Innisfallen in miniature. Hern Iſland lies South Eaſt of Lamb's: it is ſmall, but wooded. O'Donahue's Priſon, and Mouſe Iſland, complete the cluſter; and, tho' naked rocks, are not deſtitute of beauties: they derive their names, the one, from its reſemblance in ſome views to a houſe; the other, from its diminutive ſize.

The iſlands which compoſe the eaſtern cluſter, Y, though ſmaller, are more numerous. Garvillan, or

Rough Iſland, at the eaſt point of Roſs; and Alexander's, nearer the ſhore; are very little raiſed from the ſurface of the water. O'Donahue's Table is a naked cragg, by gradual dilapidation worn into cavities. The other iſlands riſe boldly to a point, and are counter parts of the vegetating heights at Mucrus. They are in general finely fringed with evergreens, which cover their angles and unevenneſſes; and are peopled by diſtinct tribes of birds, that feed on land in the day, and return at the duſk of evening: The jackdaw, pigeon, hern, eagle, and oſprey, have all their ſeparate habitations.

Beſides theſe which lie in irregular groupes, there are ſeveral ſingle iſlets ſcattered along the ſhores of Mucrus. Friars Iſland is contiguous to the abbey; Oak Iſland more diſtant; and another, which produces junipers, ſtill farther to the South. Cannon Iſland, a white rock off Camillan, is remarkably well ſituated for ſhewing the power of the echoes. A gun mounted here, and pointed againſt Glená, muſt produce a ſtriking effect; for Turk, the Eagle's neſt, and the ſeveral mountains on the oppoſite ſides of the river, would ſerve as ſo many conveyances to tranſmit the undulations.

undulations to the upper lake, and multiply the repetitions.

Brickeen, and Diniſh, which lie in the mouth of Turk Lake, have been already deſcribed: the only other iſland in this lake is Illanan-Deoul, the Devil's Iſland: it is lofty, ſteep, but not wooded.

The upper lake contains eight iſlands, which are all worthy of notice. The Oak Iſlands, or Roſsburkree, ſeparated only in winter, are the moſt conſiderable; and lie in the ſouth-eaſt part of the lake, oppoſite the mouth of the river. They are richly covered with timber, but particularly the eaſtern, which muſt yield up its oaks at the ſame time with the adjoining Glynn: they are rugged, and uneven, though no where hilly, and ſtretch away in length.

Arbutus Iſland lies over-againſt Roſsburkree, half encompaſſed by a ſhady bay. Its ſhape is pyramidical, and its rocky ſides are covered with ſtrawberry trees. In the latter end of October, when I firſt viſited Killarney, they were in high beauty: many of their bells and bloſſoms ſtill remaining, the fruit on ſome juſt forming, and on others nearly ripe. The ſame bough

often exhibited all theſe varieties. The ordinary height of the tree is ten, or twelve feet; but I have ſeen ſome of a happier growth which roſe to eighteen, or twenty. The bloſſom is ſhaped like a goblet, and the fruit nearly ſpherical: it is at firſt of a pale yellow, which deepens as it advances to ripeneſs, and gradually gives place to a rich ſcarlet. It equals the largeſt garden ſtrawberry in ſize, but muſt be eaten with more caution, for thoſe who are unaccuſtomed to it, and indulge too freely, are ſeized with an oppreſſion little leſs than lethargic: This I take upon the credit of the country people, who uſe it themſelves without reſerve, generally accompanying it with a hearty draught of water, to qualify its juices. The elder Pliny calls this fruit Unido, becauſe no more than one berry can be eaten at a time with ſafety: but Virgil makes it the common food of the firſt inhabitants of the earth, following Lucretius, who ranks it with the acorn itſelf, and tells us that in the earlier ages it grew to an extraordinary ſize, and was found in greater abundance.

Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus
Plerumque; et quæ nunc, hiberno tempore, cernis
Arbuta, pœniceo, fieri matura, colore,
Plurima, tum tellus, etiam majora, ferebat.

LUCRET. Lib. V.

The arbutus was no leſs eſteemed among the ancients for its pleaſant ſhade, than its fruit; as may be diſcovered from the poets, and particularly from Horace, the admirer, and beſt judge, of whatever is elegant in retirement.

The remaining iſlands to the number of five, lie together in a cluſter, Z, at the weſt end of the lake, about half a mile from the ſhore. They are beautiful in themſelves, and are ſo grouped as to form a delightful aſſemblage: They are all lofty, all wooded; and the bold broken craggs, and angles, in many places overhanging the lake, ſeem to forbid the approach of human footſteps, and conſecrate them to their native oſpreys and eagles. But man has notwithſtanding intruded; for in the central one, which is only acceſſible in one ſpot, there is a cottage raiſed under ſhelter of the rocks, and trees, which is occupied every ſeaſon. The cottage is compoſed of timber, interwoven with boughs; and is ſo matted, and covered in, with leaves, and ſedge, as to form a comfortable habitation. The gentleman to whom it belongs, viſits it twice a year, for the benefit of ſhooting and fiſhing: he ſometimes continues for two entire months, as much ſecluded from the world as an Indian in Ontario, or Miſhigan:

Miſhigan: He is a man of independent fortune, and, as I have been told, a batchelor.

In traverſing his little iſland, I obſerved it was carpeted over with a thick covering of decayed leaves, and boughs. I could eaſily diſcover the ſtrata of the ſeveral paſt years, by the different degrees of putrefaction; till near the bottom, where the diſſolution was more complete, they were cemented into one uniform maſs, condenſed by the preſſure above, and ſo ſwoln by the rains and moiſture, as not to be at all diſtinguiſhable. As the decay was more perfect, the colours declined more perceptibly from the original lighter tints, ending, in the bottom, in as perfect a black, as I ever ſaw in any of our bogs. The ſimilitude of the contexture, as well as the colour, convinced me, that the black bogs with which Ireland abounds, have been formed by the ſame proceſs: a proceſs which is probably forwarded, by the continual moiſture, and rains, in a climate, neither burnt up by ſcorching h[illegible] nor congealed by the rigours of cold.

This inhabited iſlet is the center of the groupe; to the South-weſt of it lie Stag, and Hind; and M'Carthy's, and the Eagles Rock, to the North and North-weſt.

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SECTION III.

THE objects we have juſt taken a review of, gave me ſuch pleaſure in the contemplation, that I cannot help wondering at thoſe, who profeſs themſelves diſappointed in them, and affect to decry them: Men ſhould be cautious in admitting preconceptions. If they expect to ſee ſomething altogether great, and ſtupendous, in a circuit of ten or twelve miles; the variety of objects, and the narrow limits of the ſcene, muſt neceſſarily diſappoint them: for greatneſs in natural objects requires an unbroken uniformity of appearance, and that uniformity reigning over a wide extended ſurface. If they look for the aweful and terrible; the happy temperature of the climate, which cloaths even the rocks and precipices with a rich covering, and overſpreads the rugged face of the mountains with luxuriance, is a natural bar to it. But if beauties will content them, in every degree of the ſcale, from wild magnificence, downwards; it is ſtrange to me if they go away unſatisfied. Indeed what can be more beautiful,

tiful, than the ſeveral views of a fine piece of water, ſtudded with iſlands, encompaſſed by mountains, reſounding with waterfalls, and reflecting, on all ſides, the umbrageous trees, and evergreens, that adorn its banks? What can be more ſurpriſing than the fertility of the rocks, where the trees, too ponderous for their feeble roots, are often bent towards the earth, and flouriſh thus diſtorted? What more curious than different ſpecies of ſhrubs ſpringing from the ſame decayed ſtock; which, no longer able to puſh forth leaves itſelf, ſerves as a nidus to others? And is there any thing more wonderful than the power of the echoes; which not only multiplies and reiterates the moſt ordinary ſounds, but ſwells them to the pitch of natural thunder?

To hazard an opinion: The prevailing character of Killarney is Variety; the ſecond Beauty; Magnificence is ſubordinate. Here Beauty, by her magic, and diffuſive influence, gives a grace to Variety; whilſt Variety furniſhes her benefactreſs with flattering contraſts: United, they preſent the fancy with the moſt delightful images, of repoſe, tranquillity, unſtudied order, natural wildneſs, and rural magnificence.

Objects

Objects, desirable in themselves, derive new beauties from their position with respect to others; and even such as excite no pleasing emotions when viewed singly, have often an agreeable effect in combination. But these relative beauties, as they result from the harmonious proportion of a number of parts, are entirely lost by an injudicious jumble of them; so that to see a multiplicity of objects to advantage, it is necessary to class them with taste, and consider them in those lights, and points of view, where they neither run into a perplexing confusion, on the one hand, nor a tiresome sameness, on the other.

The most magnificent view of the Great Lake and its environs is that from the Yellow Mountain (1), about two miles to the Northward. The eye passing over a rich valley, meets the lake in the center, with the Eagles Nest, and the other mountains which stretch to the upper lake, behind it: on one side are Glená, Tomé, and M'Gilly Cuddy's Ricks, which lose themselves to the Westward; on the other, Turk, Mangerton, Glanflesk, and the Paps, in the opposite direction; all together forming a range of more than twenty miles. The waving outline of these mountains is uncommonly

commonly beautiful: the lake is happily placed in the center; and there is a degree of unſtudied regularity in the whole, which, added to the majeſty of the ſingle parts, makes a noble, regular, and ſtriking picture.

Aghadoe (2) was of old an epiſcopal ſeat, and a place of ſome conſequence: a ruined turret, and the ſhattered walls of a cathedral, are the only veſtiges of it remaining. It ſtands on an eminence to the North of the lake, near the weſtern extremity, and commands a moſt extenſive proſpect of its borders, and iſlands. Innisfallin, and the weſtern cluſter, appear from hence in perfect beauty: the ſhaggy ſides of Glená, and Tomé, are finely oppoſed to the level ſhores; the diſtant iſlands, referred to their contiguous banks, have the air of ſo many promontories; and the ſtately mountains, Turk and Mangerton, riſing from behind the peninſula of Mucrus, complete one of the moſt beautiful ſcenes in nature.

Dunlow caſtle (3), the ſeat of Mr. Croſby, is the beſt ſtation for viewing the lake from the Weſt. It ſtands on a perpendicular cliff over the river Lune, about a mile from its ſource, and with the ſurround-

ing ſcenery is a very fine object. From hence the iſlands are ſeen in a different, but leſs pleaſing ſituation; the view is bounded to the right by Tomé, and Glená; and, taking in the ſloping bank, and the village of Killarney, to the left, terminates agreeably on Mucrus, and the high grounds beyond it: The ſeveral doublings, and turns, of the river, that winds through the rich valley beneath, have a pleaſing effect; and for a contraſt, the bleak ſides of the Ricks, and the hollow Glynn which divides them from Tomé, afford one ſufficiently glaring.

The views from the Eaſt (4) are very numerous, and beautiful: there is ſcarce a break, or height, along the Peninſula, that does not preſent a new face of things, or a different arrangement of them. The eminence near the abbey, the meadows and gardens at Mucrus, and the point of Camillan, where Turk, Glená, and the Eagles Neſt, meet the eye at once, muſt be noted by the moſt careleſs obſervers.

To thoſe who would have a perfect knowledge of the lakes, the top of Turk (5) is the beſt ſtation. From thence they appear as diſtinctly, as if delineated

on canvaſs; but the minuter beauties are loſt by the height of the mountain, and at beſt, a proſpect from ſuch an overtopping eminence, is better calculated for the Ichnographiſt, than the man of taſte and fancy.

From the ſide of Mangerton (6), about one fourth of the common aſcent, there is a very commanding proſpect of the Great Lake, and the adjacent country, which ſhews the objects more in the light of perſpective than that from Turk, at the ſame time that it preſerves the natural arrangement of the iſlands, and the ſinuoſity of the bays. Here the Peninſula ſeems to float on the ſurface of the water like a vaſt ſerpent, and, when illuminated by the ſun's rays, diſplays its green ſpiry length, every where diſtinct with ſhining beauties, in a manner at the ſame time ſingular, and pleaſing.

From the top of this mountain, aſcended by a tedious path of three miles, the proſpect is wild, commanding, and in a manner unbounded. On one ſide lie the lakes, diminiſhed almoſt in the ſcale of Shakeſpear's fancied ſimpler: On the other, at ſome diſtance, the noble river

river of Kenmare, along which the eye paſſing for near thirty miles repoſes at length on the ſwelling boſom of the Atlantic. On all ſides ſave one the country is mountainous; to the Eaſt the mountains trend away in an irregular ridge, till obſcured and loſt in the opaque vapours; to the Weſt, and indeed in every other direction, they are thrown together in as tumultuous, and wild an aſſemblage, as if Chaos had been here arreſted in his billowy career, and chained to ſtability by the ſupreme *fiat*. The lakes are ſeen from hence but partially, and in truth appear only as a drop of water, to the vaſt ocean in view: while the mountains which encompaſs them, compared with Mangerton itſelf, hide their diminiſhed heads, declining all rivality. Taken together, tho' far inferior even to the maritime Alps in grandeur, and as much to the mountains in Switzerland, and the Eſterelles in Provence, in fertility, they exhibit an appearance of nature ſo uncommon, as muſt furniſh the beſt informed fancy with new, and pictureſque images.

And now, traveller, having ſatisfied thy curioſity, plod thy way downwards; for the clouds begin to marſhal, the vapours to accumulate, and ſoon will the

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ſcene thou gazeſt at vaniſh, and the ſpot where thou ſtandeſt become the ſeat of darkneſs; unleſs thou indeed wouldeſt inhabit the clouds, and *ſenſibly experience* that palpable Obſcure, which thou haſt only *read of* in Milton.

The moſt deſirable view of the upper lake is from the Eaſt, on the cliffs of Crom-a-glaun, or Bolinendra (7). The iſlands, and mountains, are ſeen from hence in a very happy arrangement; and there is a certain air of wildneſs in the proſpect, which borders on the romantic.

Theſe are ſome of the views from the banks, and eminences, in the neighbourhood of the lakes, that appeared to me the moſt pleaſing. Thoſe from the lake itſelf, though not ſo extenſive, are no leſs beautiful; but they are ſo numerous, and it is ſo difficult to convey an adequate idea of their nice varieties, and differences, that I ſhall barely hint at one or two in the moſt diſtinguiſhed claſſes.

Turk, when viewed from the lake below (8), has ſome pretenſions to grandeur: it riſes to a reſpectable height,

height, fills the eye with an unbroken ſurface of two miles in extent, and is one great and uniform object: but greatneſs is a relative term, and that degree of it we ſpeak of, is rather calculated to give the mind a certain taſte of grandeur, than to ſatisfy it with a complete idea.

From the river immediately beneath (9), the rugged appearance of the Eagles Neſt inſpires ſurpriſe, and awe; but the ſportive hand of Nature has ſo managed it, that theſe feelings never border upon that anxious uneaſineſs which attends the contemplation of objects properly ſpeaking terrible.

From the upper lake between Arbutea, and Roſsburkree (10), the weſtern iſles are ſeen at a due diſtance, and appear to great advantage. The eye is confined on each ſide by two uniform riſings, and the back ground of the picture is occupied by the amphitheatre of mountains which encompaſſes the weſtern valley. There is a beauty in the iſlands, a wildneſs in the mountains, and a magnificence in the air of the whole proſpect, which not only amuſes the mind, but ſeems to exalt and expand it, and awakens ſuch

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ſentiments as one feels from a ſublime paſſage in Homer or Milton.

The effect of many of theſe views is, in my opinion, much heightened by the hourly revolutions in the face of the heavens. The vaſt volumes of clouds, which are rolled together from the Atlantic, and reſt on the ſummits of the mountains, cloath them with majeſty: the different maſſes of light and ſhade, traverſing the lakes in ſucceſſion, as the ſhifting bodies above float acroſs them, exhibit all the varieties of night, and day, almoſt at the ſame inſtant: the miſts interpoſing their dull, yet tranſparent coverings to the view, raiſe new deſires of a fuller, and clearer proſpect: and the wandering vapours flitting from cliff to cliff, as if in ſearch of the clouds from which they have been ſeparated, amuſe the eye with their varieties, and irregular motions.

After all, this happy ſpot labours under one diſadvantage, and one too I am the more averſe to mention, ſince ſo celebrated a writer as Doctor Johnſon has thought it ſufficient, in the caſe of Loch Lomond, to counterbalance ſo many natural beauties; and this

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is no other than the immenſe rains; which fall here more abundantly, and that even in the beſt ſeaſons for viſiting the lake, than in all other parts of the kingdom. But ſurely Philoſophy will ſuggeſt many topics to quiet our complainings on this head. She will tell us, that to expect perfection in things ſublunary, is to wiſh where we cannot hope: that the cup of pleaſure, even when preſented to us by the pure hand of Benevolence, is never without ſome unpalatable ingredients: that where Nature has provided us with ſo rich a repaſt, where ſhe has diſplayed ſuch enchanting ſcenery to the eye, and gratuitouſly accumulated all this variety of entertainment; we ought to enjoy her bounties, in the time, manner, and circumſtances ſhe chooſes to exhibit them. But if we ſhould further diſcover, that the limitations ſhe ſets to our pleaſures, are neceſſary to our being pleaſed at all; that what we call a diſadvantage is the ſpring and ſource of all we admire; that the Hyades are here the handmaids of Flora; for that without theſe perpetual effuſions of rain we complain of, the rocks muſt reſign their vegetable inhabitants, the rivers mourn their exhauſted urns, and the caſcades no longer reſound ſave in the dull ear of Memory; that the living lake itſelf muſt dwindle into an inconſiderable

pool, and the mountains, ſtript of their honours, become a dreary waſte, the abode of gloom and barrenneſs: In this caſe, ſurely, our complaints muſt be turned to admiration, and our regrets to a grateful acquieſcence. Shall we not here exclaim in the ſpirit of Homer!

BRITISH MUSEUM

With gold-embraided locks, the exulting Seaſons
Received her from the hands of forming Nature;
And round her ſilver margin did encircle,
With never-fading forms, umbrageous hills,
Sweet vocal vallies, plains enamel'd o'er
With many a flower.